

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF  
POPULAR  
LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fifth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

No. 274.—VOL. VI.

SATURDAY, MARCH 30, 1889.

PRICE 1½d.

## HOLIDAYS FOR POOR CHILDREN.

AN age of discoveries ours may well be called, and possibly in consequence of the eager strained life which is always on the lookout for novelty, a very old truth has come to be so fully recognised as to be almost new. Indeed, the saying of our nursery days, 'All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy,' has become such a living reality, that during the summer months one has only to turn into any large railway station to be convinced of the fact that dwellers in cities at least are full believers in the need and blessedness of a real holiday. The eager faces of the children, the comfortable consciousness on the part of Paterfamilias that business is to give way to pleasure, even the hurry and bustle and incessant 'By your leave,' are so suggestive of preparations for happiness, that we quite understood the sympathetic remark of a porter, not too harassed to smile: 'Looks like holidays, don't it!'

But yet another old truth has, happily for our generation, also come to be more fully understood, and there is perhaps no more cheering sign of the times than the growing sense amongst the well-to-do that no pleasure can be complete unless shared with their poorer brethren. In the matter of holidays, very practical expression of this growth of higher feeling is to be found in the formation of country holiday schemes in many large towns, and most noticeably in the huge brick-and-mortar wilderness of London. Amongst its thousands of dreary streets, the holidays may mean a blessed rest to overworked teachers; but to scholars and their parents they have a meaning the reverse of blessed. 'I wish,' said a friend the other day, 'that all the boys in this neighbourhood could be sent away—anywhere—for the holidays;' a wish that would certainly be echoed by the host of young Philistines let loose into the streets with no better employment than to 'loaf,' tease, quarrel, and shout.

To the weakly and ailing, those too listless to join in the rougher games or plays, the holiday-time is even more sad. Sometimes, certainly,

there is enough to do and to spare, and 'mother' rejoices to get rid of 'baby,' whose teething troubles are to be comforted by the little old woman, who herself needs the petting and soothing that in richer homes would be hers by right of her years and weakness. But even in those rare and happy intervals when there does not happen to be a baby, the lot of the delicate child, not wanted in the one-roomed house, and with no refuge but the hot and noisy streets, is one to make an angel weep. Those of us who are familiar with the poorer parts of London know only too well the listless look of the little sufferer from chronic debility (that is, want of air and food), whose heavy head has no softer pillow than a doorstep, and whose pale pinched face is so utterly unsuggestive of childhood's roses and roundness.

Those whose lives lie apart from sights of sadness can hardly grasp the poverty, in every sense, of the up-bringing of many thousands of little ones; but it is scarcely possible to exaggerate the barren surroundings which envelop a large majority of the six hundred thousand children attending London elementary schools. It is therefore little wonder that the scheme of sending some of the most needy for a fortnight of real holiday-life in the country has proved an unmistakable success. Starting some fourteen years ago in an East End parish, the work has grown so rapidly that after four years of corporate life the Children's Country Holidays Fund was able to send away during last summer no fewer than *fourteen thousand and forty-eight children*. And if the seeing-off a trainful of ordinary travellers is a pleasant sight, what shall be said of those groups which are becoming quite a feature in booking-clerks' work? Here is one of these groups waiting for the lady who will take the tickets, at the reduced rate given by most of the Companies. Pale-faced mothers and children, happy though, and eager; very careful of the luggage, done up in awkward bundles with too little paper and less string. 'Be sure you're good,' and 'Let us know how you gets on,' are the maternal exhortations, to which the children are too excited to listen. 'Ah! we didn't have

such treats when we was children,' says one mother whose hands tell a tale of hard work to find bread, let alone 'treats,' and whose face has relaxed from its habitual griminess at sight of her little girl's absorbed delight.

'And how old are you?' we ask of an anxious elder sister who is mothering a small brother too young to go with her. 'Thirteen' is the grave reply. Thirteen! Poor little soul, with a face that would be too old for thirty. Never mind! A fortnight in the country will send Annie back a child again, with a store of tales to brighten many a dull day. Next to Annie stands a great boy of eleven, 'crammed' through the Sixth Standard, but so much the worse for the process that without a real holiday his overgrown powers would not stand the work of a 'little place' so eagerly welcomed by his widowed mother. The eldest of the party, just under fourteen, would be small for ten, and has spent much of her life between the out-patients' department of a children's hospital and her mother's laundry, the benefit of one being pretty well neutralised by the other. 'How often have you been in the country?' we ask.—'Me! Why, never,' is the surprised reply. 'I ain't never had a chance before; the truth of which is borne out by her intense surprise at the *'real green'* of trees 'not in the parks.'

The children's ideas of the country are somewhat curious. One young critic remarked, on getting out at a wayside station: 'I don't call this country. Why, there ain't no swings nor roundabouts!' Another little Londoner being asked what she understood by a sunny bank, replied: 'A place to put pennies in on the 'ot side the road!' Many are struck by the 'big sky' and by the astonishing fact that potatoes and fruit are to be got elsewhere than at 'the shop'; whilst the first sight of a pig has been known to produce a difference of opinion, one boy holding the unfamiliar friend to be a 'little sheep,' and being quickly put to rights by the superior remark: 'No, 'tain't 'tis a nanny-goat!'

Still more surprising to some are the home arrangements of the cottages in which they are boarded. One boy was quite overcome by the idea of a separate room to sleep in; and two little girls complained of being 'lonesome' with so much 'room' in the bed! Some of the elder children notice, and are deeply impressed by the tone that pervades the country home. 'They never quarrel here,' writes one girl; whilst 'no rows,' even on Saturday night, is quite a novelty in the experience of not a few young lives.

The cottagers, on their side, learn something from their young guests; the unconscious prattle of the children, for instance, shows that London is not by any means paved with gold, and their stories reveal that the struggle for existence is a thing too fierce to be contemplated with pleasure by the slower country mind. The friendships, too, that spring up on both sides are very real, and tend to lessen the breach between town and country, which is productive of harm to our English life all round. The cottagers chosen to act as hosts are those in good work, and the weekly five shillings paid for each child is found ample to pay expenses, whilst it prevents the question of gain coming too much to the fore. Cottages are invariably under the supervision of some responsible visitor, who sees to the arrival

and departure of each party, pays the cottagers—with money received from the Central—and keeps a general outlook over hosts and guests. Of such visitors there are nearly four hundred, and the devotion of many is beyond words. More than one known to us gives some hours each day to the little Londoners, getting to know each one, and carrying on a subsequent correspondence that keeps cottage 'Father' and 'Mother' in touch with their adopted children.

The country visitors are also in close communication with the army of town-workers, whose care it is to select children, to collect parents' payments, and to see parties safely on their way. The town-workers are expected to visit their country friends during the season, getting to know both visitors and cottagers, and enjoying the sight of the happiness they have helped to create. Their work is heavy, especially in neighbourhoods almost entirely populated by the poor; but in banding together as committees, hands are strengthened, and work made lighter by organised effort.

Children are selected on the grounds of their being ailing, having no friends they can visit, and not being in a position to obtain a holiday unaided. There is the further condition that parents shall do their share towards providing a holiday by making some contribution according to their means. We have often had occasion to draw attention to the lavish and indiscriminate abuse of charitable funds, and perhaps hardly any better indication of the truth as to that much- vexed question of free-hospital relief can be found than in the fact that from the very class who help to swell out-patients' departments no less than £2819, 16s. 11d. was collected last year. The gratitude of the parents is very real, and we cannot help thinking is due in no small degree to the fact that the benefit to their children comes in part from their own exertions. It is also impressed upon parents that their contributions help to send other people's children; and it is pleasant to hear a hard-working father or mother say: 'If it's to help some one else's child I'd like to give a little more.' Indeed, the spirit of love and good-will evoked on all sides is by no means the least pleasant feature in the scheme; and the guards, who without 'tips' look after holiday children as their own, are typical of a general feeling of brotherhood and friendliness.

Uniformity of action among the eight hundred voluntary workers is secured by means of a representative Central Council, who decide all questions of general principle, and take upon themselves the weighty duty of the distribution of funds. It is an invariable rule that all contributions shall be paid into one common fund, money being divided out according to the specific needs of each Committee. In order that this shall be accomplished with fairness, it is necessary to ascertain the exact number of children attending schools within the areas of each Committee, together with the fees paid; and week by week, during the summer months, an Executive Committee meets to distribute funds according to the population of each district and the number of children ready to go.

It will easily be seen that to keep such a large machinery working economically and in order calls for much thoughtful care and business capacity on the part of the office staff. As yet

the work of the Society has been managed with remarkable economy. The balance-sheet shows that the funds for the year amounted to £9430, and that the sum paid for official work was only £198, 13s. 8d., or something like two per cent. of the income. There is no doubt a standing complaint on the part of the public with regard to the cost of *distributing* funds collected for charitable and other purposes, and economy in this department is always commendable. At the same time economy should not be pressed too far. We would venture to suggest, for instance, that this particular Society might expend a reasonable sum in making its existence and objects better known. It is undoubtedly a work that needs only to be known to be supported. It appeals to the sympathies of all, and there are few who would not enjoy their own and their children's holidays the better for knowing that they were helping the less favoured to a fortnight of country bliss.

The applications last season were far in excess of any previous year, in spite of bad weather. Literally, thousands of children were kept waiting in the hope that money might come in before the school holidays were over, and the only unpleasant feature in the work is the disappointed faces which greet the London workers when lack of funds compels refusals. All child-lovers may have the joy of knowing that they are brightening young lives by sending a contribution to the Hon. Alfred Lyttelton, at the offices of the fund, 10 Buckingham Street, Strand; and we have only to add, that by the careful methods employed, the Society is able to state that even with the full increase of expenses suggested, every ten shillings will pay for a fortnight's holiday, and fill the heart of one little Londoner with joy of the purest and simplest.

## JOHN VALE'S GUARDIAN.

### CHAPTER XIV.

It had been the unfulfilled dream of Mr Orme's lifetime—a sort of hope too good to be true, too good even to be practically sought for—to find somebody who would do his work for him and allow him to draw his pay. He was not a man of strong passions, but he hated work and loved rum. Rum was only to be had, along with the other palliatives of existence, by labour, and Mr Orme felt that his lot was pitiable. But before Will had been a week in the printing office, the veteran skulker began to think that the dream of his lifetime might find something like a fulfilment in his old age. Will was so quick and eager to learn, took such a pride in every forward step he made, and found such an actual pleasure in work, that Mr Orme looked forward with complacency to a time when he would have nothing to do but to sit upon his box at the side of the stove and give directions. Will, without altogether accepting Mr Orme's declaration that a selfish man would have done the work himself, was yet grateful for the instruction he received. There was a battered little book on the premises called the *Printer's Grammar*, from which he

learned enough to persuade him that Mr Orme's method of management was in some respects faulty. It would have taken half-a-dozen skilled workmen a week to have put the ramshackle little place in good order; but Will, inspired by the *Printer's Grammar* and a sense of personal pride, worked so hard and learned so rapidly that in a month or two he attacked the fringes of the desert of disorder, and conquered here and there a square foot of chaos. In one of his earliest readings in the *Grammar* he learned that the most hateful thing about a printing office, the one ever-greatening dragon to be relentlessly fought with, was called 'pie.'

'What's pie, Mr Orme?' he asked, as he and his preceptor walked homewards together.

Mr Orme explained that pie was made up of type which had been suffered to fall into disorder; and Will saw at once that the dragon had been allowed to assume formidable proportions. At a moderate computation, a fourth of the office plant lay useless; and Master Will, who was one of those people who can do nothing with satisfaction to themselves unless they do it with their whole hearts, determined early to slay that dragon. It was this resolution on his part which dissipated the half-formed visions of Mr Orme. It was about the middle of July, and the weather was prodigiously hot and oppressive. The aged idler felt even less disposed to work than usual, and even his perch upon the box, though padded with a folded press blanket, was so little luxurious that idleness afforded him no comfort.

'William,' he said, 'you're getting on very nicely, and in time you'll make a very good workman; but it's time you began to think about display-work. Now, I've never let you tackle display-work yet; but here's a bit of a circular that the governor's rather particular about. Let me see you have a try at it, and I'll help you with a bit of advice when you want it.' This was spoken with great friendliness, and with an almost deceptive air of conferring a favour upon William.

But to Mr Orme's astonishment and grief the boy declined to accept the kindness. 'I'm going to kill this dragon, Mr Orme,' said Will; 'I'm going to get this pie under. I can never do it if I do your work for you.'

This black ingratitude so struck Mr Orme that he was silent for a quarter of an hour, and rising with moans of resignation, he shuffled listlessly about the place, carrying his box with him, and seating himself at intervals whilst he picked languidly amongst the fancy types.

This was his second disappointment; for, a month or two before it, Will, whose supply of money had been exhausted in the purchase of a cheap suit of working clothes, had been unable to find the necessary ninepence for his medicine, and the poor sufferer had been compelled to rally by his own unaided natural forces. He had felt that first failure to be bitter at the moment, but

he knew now that it was not to be compared to the later affliction. William stuck resolutely to his pie, and was only to be drawn from it by legitimate claims. Mr Orme's dream was shattered, and he went back to the dull realities of life with something like a resigned heartbreak. Before six months were over, the boy was his master, and ordered him to his work relentlessly. The melancholy Varley never knew how it was that the work of the office came to be turned out so much more expeditiously than of old.

As he worked, Master Will sang and whistled with a shrill disregard of melancholy, and felt his heart as light as a bird's. His experiment was succeeding in a wonderful way, and John was changing for the better daily. It was curious, and not a little touching, to see the two lads together. Will had the gravest fatherly air, the queerest little tender bulldog ways of watchfulness and devotion. The two took long rambles together on Saturday afternoons in the beautiful Warwickshire country, and John always carried a scrap of paper or two and a pencil with him, and made strange wooden-legged sketches of the cattle in the fields, and funny lopsided drawings of old farmhouses. These M. Achille Jousserau was in the habit of correcting for him, and he did his corrections with so much skill and spirit, that after a dozen strokes from the master's hand, the drawings looked altogether beautiful and perfect to the pupil's eyes.

M. Jousserau and his friend and compatriot M. Vigne were both of the town of Arles, and each said of the other, 'Il est mon pays.' They nourished for each other that curiously strong friendship which exists between exiled Frenchmen of the same province, and makes them hoard together even in their common capital. The good phrase does not say, 'He is of my country,' 'He belongs to my country,' it is ever so much stronger and more tender: 'He is my country.' He brings its flavour with him; he means home, childhood, everything that knits a man to the memories of his native place.

M. Vigne was a solid, plodding, trustworthy draughtsman in an artistic glass manufactory, and Achille was an artist in the same employment. He was a trustworthy workman also; but there was a difference between them. The younger man had inventiveness, a passion for his work, and an ambition outside it and beyond it. The elder drew with a laborious painstaking and accuracy, but invented nothing, and had no ambitions, and the younger earned already five times his salary. But when they had met three or four years before, the heart of each had warmed to the old home accent. 'Tiens, tu es un pays, toi!' they sang out together; and in ten minutes, with flashing gestures and exuberant enthusiasm of speech, had recounted half their family histories. So Achille went to live with M. Vigne, and helped out the meagre resources of his establishment more than a little.

Achille took John in hand quite seriously, and gave him lessons in drawing, by which he profited so much that in a while the wood got out of the legs of his cattle and into his pictured tree trunks, which was perhaps the best place for it. This kindness of the young artist's was very naturally and easily rewarded, for he began to pick up English as fast as a pigeon picks up peas, and even acquired a little of John's Barfield accent, at which Madame, whose ear was sufficiently habituated to detect it, would clap her hands and laugh with great merriment.

The good-hearted French folk lost nothing by befriending the two young wayfarers, for the boys earned enough to pay for their simple and unluxurious keep. John's pricking out of patterns saved M. Vigne many a weary and unprofitable hour, and enabled him to put his spare time to more paying uses, so that the family benefited rather more by the efforts of the weaker than of the stronger youngster.

'You don't have any of your headaches now, do you, Jack?' Will asked him one day. It was a Saturday half-holiday, and they were in the fields together, midway towards Stratford. It was a lovely afternoon, and made the brighter for both of them by John's unusual contentment. Achille had laid out a shilling for him in the purchase of a real sketch-book, and the two had tramped thus far in search of something worthy to be transferred to its first page. If he had had but his ordinary scraps of paper, John would have been firing his trial shots left and right; but he felt bound to find something unusual and charming for the beginning of the book. He looked round brightly at his companion's query, and answered with a shake of the head.

'I'll tell you what, though, Will,' he said, sliding an arm through one of his friend's, with a certain nestling way of seeking protection into which he had fallen, 'if anything bothers me to remember, I get that nasty swimming back again, just as if I had a wheel in my head—an enormous wheel. You wouldn't believe how big it is, Will. It's as big as a cart-wheel; and it begins quite slowly, and gets faster and gets bigger, till at last I don't know anything and can't think of anything. But when I get like that, Madame always makes me lie down, and I go to sleep almost directly. I should have headaches, though, and jolly bad ones too, Will, if old Macfarlane was here.'

'I guess you would,' his companion answered; 'but old Macfarlane ain't here.'

They walked on in silence for a little time.

'I say, Will,' said John, 'I should have been bad if it hadn't been for you. I used to be afraid that I was going silly; and if I'd stopped at old Macfarlane's, I believe I should have gone.'

'It wouldn't have been his fault if you hadn't,' Will answered, 'nor old Snelling's either. When I'm grown up, I mean to go back and take it out of old Macfarlane.'

This idea held firmly in Master Will's heathen mind, and indeed he never actually overgrew it until, in after-years, he discovered how very big he himself had grown, and how very small and gray Macfarlane was. But the story of that interview deserves to be told in its proper place.

'It's my belief,' Will added, 'that old Snelling



didn't want you to get better. I think he wanted to make you worse.

'What nonsense!' answered John. 'Why should he?'

'Ah!' said the young bulldog jeeringly, 'why should he? Why, father used to say—many a time I've heard him say it—how rich Bob Snelling would be if you never got any better and couldn't use your own money.—Do you think my father's as rich as yours was, Jack?'

'I don't know,' John answered. 'But if Uncle Robert really felt like that, he must be an awful horrid beast. I don't believe it, Will; I don't believe it.'

'I do,' said Will doggedly.

It was perhaps only the brutal, unquestioning frankness of a boy's mind that could very well have lighted anybody to this suspicion. A more elderly critic would have felt the terrible responsibility of the judgment; the cold and cruel enormity of the crime would have staggered the adult inquirer, and he would have sought and found a reason for Snelling's conduct in the crowded pages of the chapter of human stupidity. Yet the boy's horrible guess was true, and the elder observer's gentler judgment would have been mistaken.

'You must think your uncle Bob jolly thick-headed,' said Master Will, 'if you fancy he didn't know what he was doing. Any fool could see he was driving you silly. Of course he was, and old Macfarlane was helping him. I knew you'd get better when you got away from 'em, and how should I know, if they didn't?'

This conversation cast a gloom over John's spirits for a half-hour or so; but it rolled away of itself, and he settled down to his field-work with ardour, and took home a feebly pretty little sketch, which Achilles touched into strength for him in places, and guided him into strengthening with his own hand in others.

'You will make an artiste, you,' said M. Jousserau, flashing his white teeth at his pupil, and beaming at him with his black southern eyes as he laid both hands upon his shoulders and gave him a shake expressive of friendliness and approval. 'You have not the hand. That is absurd—who could ask it? Not yet. That comes with work, work, work. Peep, peep, peep at everything, always, always, and is never done with. I am beginner. I shall be student when I am old, old man, gray, stooped all over'—He could not find the word he wanted, but ran his rapid fingers about his face to indicate wrinkles, and dropped into so comic an imitation of decrepitude that John answered his mimicry with a peal of laughter.

Though that was the first occasion on which Will insisted on Snelling's villainy in his companion's hearing, it was by no means the last, and every member of the little household was aware of his convictions and in a lesser or stronger degree shared them. It is quite likely that they might not have accepted his sole testimony, but they had Isaiah's to back it. When once Will had found himself fairly settled down under Mr Orme's tutelage, he had written to Isaiah, who had answered the letter in person on the following Sunday. Isaiah had a natural and excusable belief that French people—who represented all the foreign races of the world to him—were savage and heathen; and he was vastly surprised to

discover that on the whole they were really very much like English men and women in their ways of living and feeling. He and the stately M. Vigne were a great spectacle together. Monsieur handed him a chair with a bow on his first arrival; and not to be outdone in politeness, Isaiah bowed back again; and this exchange of civilities, which was the only one possible between them, since Monsieur knew no more of English than Isaiah did of French, was repeated with a comic frequency. Madame began to talk of it when the visitor had gone; and Will and John went through a grave mimicry of the scene, bowing to each other like a solemn pair of toy mandarins, until the good woman fell into one of her helpless fits of laughter.

After this, a month rarely went by without a Sunday visit from Isaiah, who learned to drink their southern wine without overmuch creasing his features, and to smoke the cigarettes rolled for him by one or other of his hosts. It got to be quite a common bit of comely pantomime, when they were alone with Madame, for one of the boys silently to roll an imaginary cigarette, and then rising, proffer it with a profound bow to the other, who would rise and bow in turn. It was a simple form of amusement, but it never failed to elicit a laugh from that jolly, fat-sided Madame Vigne, who was, as we have seen already, of a nature readily moved to mirth.

Isaiah gave such an account of John's possessions that the good people became half-terrified at the responsibilities they had assumed; but John's improvement was so evident, so smooth and constant, they put their fears on one side, though they all had some dim dread of English law, and were hardly certain that they were not laying themselves open to some terrible, vague punishment.

Mr Orme was, of course, pretty frequently present at the time of Isaiah's visits; but since the latter had given it as his opinion that Snelling would give a hundred pounds to have John back again, and would certainly repeat his old methods with him, it was felt wise to keep the aged idler from details which might lead him into temptation. Madame could have no creature about her for whom she would not grow to have some kind of affection; but Mr Orme was looked upon with a sad indulgence, and was not particularly trusted. Perhaps it was natural in Mr Orme to resent this a little. Perhaps the dull mill-round of his own life was not sufficiently interesting to occupy his thoughts. Anyway, observing that conversations were broken off upon his entrance, and that there was an air of mystery preserved with respect to Isaiah's abiding-place, he began to be curious and to prow about suspiciously in his own sloth-like way with intent to smell out the secret. He was good enough, on one occasion, to accompany Isaiah to the railway station; but that worthy had had Madame's advice beforehand, and paused so often on the way to shake hands with him in friendly adieu, that the old boy was compelled to take leave at last without even learning the direction taken by Isaiah's train.

He knew very well that the boys had run away from their homes, and their speech and manners were a sufficient guarantee that they had been decently bred. Will had unguardedly said something to the effect that John would be rich some

day; and though it is probable enough that Mr Orme would have attached no importance to this if the boy had persisted in the story, he did attach considerable importance to it when Will went suddenly silent, and steadfastly refused to be lured into a revival of the conversation. In fact, the whole household was on its guard against Mr Orme; and he, casting about in his own mind for a reason for this caution in respect to himself, arrived at a natural conclusion. The idea evidently was that if he were let into whatever secret happened to be going, he would betray it. Now, that in its turn implied that it was worth betraying, and this in its turn meant that somebody, somewhere, would pay him for betrayal. As he followed this line of thought, it became abundantly clear to Mr Orme's intelligence that he was being shamefully defrauded of the chance to turn an honest penny. He thought of his own hard and thankless lot, the scarcity of rum, or rather of its plenitude and his own inability to get at it—which is likely to have been the more harrowing form—the dearness of tobacco, and the miserable and degrading exigencies of labour. With such spurs as these to gall his curiosity, he became very curious indeed, and began to develop quite a new phase of character, mitching hither and thither in sloth-like dexterity to surprise conversations not intended for his ears, and industriously sleeping for hours together on the occasion of Isaiah's visits, in the hope of lulling suspicion as profound as that which he himself feigned. Unhappily for his purpose, he was a poor pretender, and not having had the advantage of self-examination in this particular, he could not be supposed to know that in his really somnolent hours he had a snore which seemed to communicate a faint vibration to the very door-knocker. His ruses, in short, were altogether too obvious and artificial, and did nothing but deepen the suspicion with which he had been regarded from the first.

But, as often happens, apparent chance did for him what no ruse on his own part could effect, and one day, rambling past the town police station and pausing to strike a lucifer match, he cast an idle and careless eye upon the proclamations posted at the door, and in the very act of moving forward again, stood, arrested at the names of 'John Vale and William Gregg aforesaid,' followed by a statement that the above reward would be paid on the discovery of the boys on application to Robert Snelling, Corn-Factor, of Castle-Barfield, or William Gregg of Hargate Hollow, Beacon-Hargate. Beacon-Hargate was a mere hamlet, and Mr Orme knew nothing of it; but Castle-Barfield was a considerable town, and was but a little over an hour's journey by rail. It was Saturday and a half-holiday, and he had money in his pocket, his week's wages, newly drawn, and as yet diluted only by a single four-pennyworth. He tried to make out the amount of 'the above reward,' but the handbill was evidently old, and had been pasted over and over by other announcements. It would in all probability long since have been hidden altogether but for the fact that it had been fixed to a lower corner of the board.

Mr Orme fairly trembled with excitement at this fulfilment of his suspicions. What might the reward amount to? Ten pounds? Twenty

pounds? Fifty? A hundred? He flushed and shook to think that he could make a bargain of it, and bestirring himself to an unusual activity, he made straight for the railway station.

(To be continued.)

#### IN KENSINGTON.

IN 1820 appeared Faulkner's *History of Kensington*; and now, nearly seventy years later, we have a new history of the same interesting district of the great metropolis, from the pen of Mr W. J. Loftie, entitled, *Kensington, Picturesque and Historical* (London: Field & Tuer). Mr Loftie is already well known as the historian of London, his two volumes thereon embracing a record of the great city's growth from pre-Roman times to the present day. In the volume immediately before us, Mr Loftie works out a more limited subject, but the limitation is compensated for by the greater room for details. And the book, besides being extremely interesting in itself, is so beautifully printed and illustrated as to make its possession a delight to every lover of books.

Although Kensington now forms an integral part of London, it is not so very long since it was really a detached suburban village, the road between which and the city was infested by foot-pads and robbers, rendering it dangerous to wayfarers after dark. Kensington is closely associated with many great names, and contains many buildings of historic interest. The Palace is, of course, the most conspicuous of these edifices. It was here in 1819 that the Queen was born, and here, after her accession to the crown, that she held her first Council. The Palace was not originally a royal residence, it having been built by the first Earl of Nottingham, from whose son it was bought by William III. Since its acquisition by royalty it has been largely added to. It is a massive building in red and brown brick, with few architectural pretensions, and almost devoid of ornament. It was here that Mary, the queen and consort of William III., died of smallpox in 1694, and here also that William himself died eight years later. George II., the last king who made Kensington his residence, died in the Palace in 1760.

As already mentioned, it was in Kensington Palace that Queen Victoria was born, and on the north wall of the room in which she first saw the light is a brass plate bearing an inscription to that effect. 'Adjoining this chamber,' says Mr Loftie, 'is a handsome drawing-room, and behind it the room is situated in which the Queen held her first Council. It is a gloomy chamber, looking into a narrow courtyard, the roof supported by pillars. . . . The cheerful drawing-room beyond must have been the place where Lord Melbourne and the Archbishop announced her accession to the young Queen, in the early morning of 20th June 1837. It was, so far as I can make out, in this same chamber that the future Queen was christened on the 24th of June 1819. The golden font was brought from the Tower, and crimson-velvet coverings were brought from the Chapel Royal at St James's. The sponsors were the Prince Regent, who in the

following year became George IV.; the Emperor Alexander of Russia, represented by the Duke of York; the Queen Dowager of Würtemberg, represented by the Princess Augusta; and the Duchess-Dowager of Coburg, represented by the Duchess of Gloucester. The Prince Regent named the infant Alexandrina only, it is said; but her mother's name of Victoria was fortunately added in time. The Duchess of Kent and her royal daughter continued to reside in the Palace after the death of the Duke; and the young Princess was often seen in Kensington Gardens, sometimes taking her airings in a little phaeton drawn by two minute ponies.

Another interesting building is Old Campden House, built apparently about the beginning of the seventeenth century. After passing through various hands, it was tenanted for a time by the Princess, afterwards Queen Anne, and her little son the Duke of Gloucester, the only survivor of her numerous children. He was delicate from birth, and Kensington was selected for him as being a healthy place of residence and near town. When about four or five years of age he became very inquisitive, especially as regards anything relating to soldiers; and he got a corps of twenty-two boys of Kensington to come to Campden House accoutred with paper caps and wooden swords. 'Their appearance,' wrote his old servant, 'transported the little Duke, so that he made them come up from the court to his presence-room, and appointed one of them, a pretty boy, to be lieutenant, who proved to be Sir Thomas Lawrence's son.' By-and-by the boys formed two companies, amounting to ninety, armed with wooden swords and muskets, and wearing red grenadiers' caps. One day they were ordered to the garden by beat of drum, in order that the King and Queen (William and Mary) might see them exercise. 'The King ordered twenty guineas for the boys; and took particular notice of one, six years old, by name William Gardner, remarkable for beating the drum, almost equal to the ablest drummer. To him the King gave two pieces of gold.' The little boy-Duke said to His Majesty: 'My dear King, you shall have both my companies with you to Flanders.' The gallant little Duke died at Windsor, at the early age of eleven.

To visitors with literary and artistic tastes, perhaps the chief centre of attraction in Kensington will be Holland House. This, not so very long ago, was the great gathering-place of men and women distinguished in arts and letters, and readers of the political and literary biographies of the first half of the present century find constantly recurring references to Holland House, its occupants and visitors, its banquets and assemblies. Perhaps, however, says Mr Loftie, 'the brief connection of Addison with Holland House is more memorable than all the long succession of Hollands and Warwicks.' In 1716 Addison married Charlotte, widow of the sixth Earl of Holland; but he did not live quite three years thereafter. The marriage, by some accounts, was not a happy one. 'He died in what is now the dining-room, on the first floor, looking northwards over the gardens and the park. Perhaps he had chosen this room for its nearness to the principal library, where his writing-table is preserved.'

During the last century, the most illustrious name in connection with Holland House is that of Charles James Fox, who spent his early years in it. But it was while the house was in possession of the third Lord Holland that it rose to its distinguished position as the gathering-place of the best intellects of the day. Faulkner, in his history, very fully described the house as it was in 1820, 'the time when the greatest number of wits and celebrities of all kinds were entertained by Lady Holland.' Among these were Lord Macaulay, Sydney Smith, Sheridan, Lord Byron, Moore, Thurlow, Brougham, Curran, Washington Irving, Humboldt, Talleyrand, Madame de Stael, Sir Walter Scott, and many other persons of distinction. Lady Holland was famed for her hospitality, so much so, that Sydney Smith, when laid up in Holland House, said it was a place fitted with every convenience for sickness and death. The architecture of the house, Mr Loftie observes, is of a very mixed character. 'There are gates by Inigo Jones, and the later decorations are very classical in style; but the trace of old Gothic feeling is apparent everywhere. The gardens are very fine; with alcoves, statues, and busts, memorials of various kinds, and shady walks and avenues.'

Next to Holland House, perhaps, is the humbler residence in Young Street (then No. 13, now No. 16) where Thackeray dwelt so long and wrote some of the best of his works. The novelist himself had a humorous reverence for it. Mr Field says: 'I once made a pilgrimage with Thackeray (at my request, of course, the visits were planned) to the various houses where his books had been written, and I remember when we came to Young Street, Kensington, he said with mock-gravity: "Down on your knees, you rogue, for here *Vanity Fair* was penned; and I will go down with you, for I have a high opinion of that little production myself."

We have only slightly touched upon a few of the outstanding reminiscences embodied in this handsome volume—a volume which is creditable in every way both to the author and the publishers.

## ASTBURY'S BARGAIN.

A STORY IN SIX CHAPTERS.

### CHAPTER VI.—REPARATION.

THE Overton Park carriage was at the gate of Cedar Cottage, and the footman was at the door respectfully awaiting the commands of Mrs Silvertown. The carriage had been sent from the Park by Mrs Dacon to bring her mother and cousin to the grand juvenile fête which was to celebrate the fifth birthday of Mr and Mrs Dacon's only child, little Hetty. The widow liked to have the Overton carriage with its two fine bays standing in front of her house, and to have the footman in his quiet yet conspicuous livery standing at her door; and whenever she was sent for, contrived to keep the equipage waiting some time. On this occasion there was an extra delay, which was not Mrs Silvertown's fault, but Daisy's.

When ready to start, the postman had delivered a letter from Gilbert. It informed her that he had arrived in Liverpool, and was just starting

for London, of course travelling under the name by which he was now known. He intended to make his way at once to the Cottage, and begged her, if she should be going out, to leave a message appointing an early hour for a meeting. Certain information had reached him which explained Dacon's strange illness, and he was most anxious to talk to her about it.

Daisy had not concealed from Aunt Silverton the correspondence with Gilbert; but as any communication between Cedar Cottage and 'that young man' was entirely disapproved of, she did not tell her much. Consequently, she was at a loss how to act in the present juncture, being excited by the unexpected intimation of Gilbert's speedy arrival. His sudden return plainly indicated that some calamity was about to befall the master of Overton Park. She determined to say nothing to her aunt until she had seen Gilbert, and simply left a note with the housemaid for 'Mr Harrison' telling him where a message would find her.

'I never knew you take so long to dress before, Daisy,' exclaimed Mrs Silverton as she lay back in the carriage with a delightful sense of her own grandeur and importance; 'and yet it is only a children's party.'

The fête was to be a very grand one. Dacon had attended to every detail himself, determined to produce for his child a scene of fairy wonders which should transcend all the pictures in the *Arabian Nights*. The autumn tints of the foliage on the Park trees were to lend their aid to the effects produced by the thousands of Chinese lanterns which were cunningly hung throughout the grounds; and a grand display of fireworks was to close the amusements of the young people after they were tired of dancing and feasting, and the home-bearing carriages were arriving.

Five-year-old Hetty was at the top of the lawn, receiving her numerous tiny guests and their grown-up guardians with as much composure as if she had been a queen accustomed to levees. Her father had made so much a companion of her that she was old-fashioned and self-possessed without being rude or obtrusive—a rare combination in a child. The only impatience she displayed was when she turned to her mother with the repeated question: 'But where is papa? He promised to be here early, and he always comes at the time he says he will.'

'He is late,' said Mrs Dacon, standing behind her daughter and looking anxiously down the avenue. 'But, my dear, he cannot always leave the office at a fixed hour, and he is very busy just now.'

Then the fun commenced; and the bands of merry youngsters were conducted through the shrubbery to the tennis-ground, which had been transformed into a miniature fair. There were swings and merry-go-rounds, a Punch and Judy show, a marionette show, a conjurer's and a fortune-teller's tents, and a fancy fair of toys of every description, to be distributed according to the number taken from a wheel-of-fortune at the entrance for every passer to dip into and draw out a ticket. Besides all this, there was a brass band playing with brassy loudness all sorts of merry tunes to make hearts glad and feet patter chirpily on the smooth grass.

And so, when the fun was at its height, papa

came home looking very weary and haggard. He did not go out into the midst of the merry throng, but went straight up to his bedroom and sent for his wife. 'Don't make any fuss, dear,' he said when she came; 'but I am too ill for anything except going to bed. I want to get a sleep. Maybe I will waken up refreshed enough to join the party. Go on with our arrangements as if there was nothing the matter. Promise me that.'

'Of course, Henry; but you look so ill that I must send for the doctor.'

'Nonsense, my dear; I shall be all right after a nap.'

'Papa, papa!' cried little Hetty, who had somehow discovered his arrival and rushed into the room, her bright amber hair touched by the rays of the setting sun and looking like gold. 'I am so glad you are here. Do come and see how the beautiful dollies are moving about just like real people.'

He took her up in his arms and kissed her—he seemed to gasp as he held her to his breast. 'Yes, darling, I will see the dollies by-and-by.'

The child kissed him, wondering that he should refuse to join her immediately in the play as she had requested. He had never done so before.

'You won't be long, papa,' she said, moving hesitatingly away; 'the dollies are so beautiful and look so real!'

'No, not long, pet. But you must go now—I am so tired.' He kissed her again and again, seeming to gasp for breath as he did so. The child, with a pretty toss of the head and a merry laugh, skipped away to mingle with her blithe companions in the pleasures so lavishly provided for them.

'I want to have a sleep, Hetty,' he said very tenderly to his wife; 'you know I have not had any for many nights; but I feel drowsy now. So, as the doctors say I must sleep if there is to be any chance of recovery, you will not on any account try to waken me if you should find me in a doze.—There now, go, and do what you can to make the little folk happy, and let me rest.'

The wife very reluctantly left him to return to her duties as hostess; but she found it difficult to smile, although the merry shouts of laughter filled the atmosphere with a sense of unclouded joy.

The twilight was fading into darkness when the fireworks were started, and three huge rockets ending in variegated sprays of blue and red inaugurated the programme. Before the first stick fell, a footman found Daisy, and informed her that Mr Harrison desired to see her.

She immediately followed the man in the direction of the house, but had only gone about a score of paces when she saw a gentleman advancing towards her. She felt her hand grasped with a fervour which sent a thrill of pleasure through her veins and brought the hot blood into her cheeks. That was Gilbert's grasp; but the sensation it produced was somehow different from what it used to be. In bygone times she trembled with the delight of touching his hand, because she believed it could never be her own. Now it seemed as if by some occult influence he had conveyed to her mind the impression that the hand was her own and brought with it a true and undivided affection.



'You are not sorry to see me here again?' he said.

'I am very glad. It is what I have always wished; but your last letter frightened me.'

'Let us cross the lawn to the beeches. We can talk there without interruption.—Will you take my arm?'

The acquiescing action was his answer; and they passed quietly into the shadow of the trees, where the glaring lights of the fireworks, now in full progress, could not discover them to the guests, even if the guests had not been too much preoccupied by the brilliant display to think of peering into shady nooks.

'I do not know how to prepare you for what I have to say,' Gilbert began, while he tried to see her face in the shadow. 'I had a letter from Dacon, which, read beside your last, telling me of his strange illness and of'—there was the briefest hesitation before he pronounced the name—'and of Mrs Dacon's anxiety, determined me to get back to London as quickly as steamers and trains could carry me.'

Daisy looked with satisfaction that he spoke of 'Mrs Dacon,' not Hetty, as it used to be; and of course it was right that he should do so. But she pretended not to observe the change.

'What did he tell you that could alter your resolution so suddenly? Hetty is only unhappy on his account, and is in no need of your help.'

'It was as much my thought of you that brought me back as my concern for Dacon'—

'For him!' she interrupted. 'Then it was not for Hetty?'

'Oh yes, for her too, and I fear what may happen to her. Dacon's letter told me that he was absolutely ruined.'

'He ruined!' she exclaimed, utterly unable to grasp the possibility of such a thing.

'Yes; the bankruptcy of the great house of Ellicott & Co. will be announced in a few days.'

'I do not understand. How can he have lost such an enormous fortune?'

'That is easily done by a man who confesses himself to have been a mad gambler from the moment when he first had the power to juggle with stocks and shares, and with such desperate ventures as no one in his senses who had anything to lose would touch. He says he was insane, and now realises it when too late to retrieve himself. I have his permission to tell you everything, or I would not tell even you, Daisy, that it was this mad passion that led him to perpetrate the frauds, from the consequences of which he was first screened by my flight, and then saved by the sudden death of his uncle, which gave him the means to take up all the forged bills. But even that terrible lesson did not cure him. As soon as his hands were free, with the whole capital of the firm under his control, he lost every glimmer of reason and business knowledge he ever possessed, and now he says nothing can save him.'

'And Hetty—poor Hetty—what is to become of her?'

'She will not be poor so far as money is concerned. He tells me that the one consolation he finds in the midst of the wreck he has made is the assurance that, no matter what happens to him, his wife and daughter are provided for. The marriage settlements were made when he was

perfectly solvent, and they give to her Overton Park with a sufficient income for its maintenance. The creditors cannot touch the settlements.'

'But you, Gilbert—how will this affect you?' was her next eager inquiry. 'Will you be safe? Will you be cleared of all blame?'

'I do not know. However, it seems that he has told everything to Mr Ardwick, who has promised to protect me from any charge in connection with the forgeries, and I will see him to-morrow. Dacon's chief object in telling me this was to persuade me to yield to his prayer that the knowledge of his crime might be kept from his wife and daughter, if possible. I mean to try to keep them in ignorance of it, and I want you to help me.'

'I will do whatever you think should be done.'

'Ah, then—Daisy!—you will come back with me to Rio.'

She had no desire to resist the pressure of his hand as he drew her close to him and kissed her. She had no time to wonder then how it came to be that she was not more surprised at finding herself lifted in a moment from the ranks of the 'unattached' to the blissful heights of the Betrothed; she had no time then to wonder how it all came to be settled in such a simple way and everything understood between them with so few words—no time, for they were startled by the furious clatter of a horse's hoofs passing at full gallop down the avenue, from which they were screened by the beeches and shrubbery.

The band was playing one of Strauss's gayest melodies, and the children were shouting in wild glee at every new marvel of the firework display, and yet Daisy and Gilbert heard that horse's hoofs as distinctly as if there had been perfect stillness around them, and every stamp was like a loud bugle-note of alarm in their ears.

'There is something wrong at the house!' cried Daisy with instinctive dread. 'That man is going for the doctor. Come, Gilbert; we must help her.'

He knew that she meant her cousin, and they were speedily convinced that she stood in sore need of help.

The anxious wife had at intervals stolen away from her guests to see how her husband fared. He seemed to be sleeping so soundly that she feared every fresh outburst of merriment, lest it should awaken him. By-and-by she was rendered uneasy by his stillness, for he did not seem to breathe. She touched him, and he did not stir. 'Henry!' she whispered tenderly in his ear; but he made no response. Then, becoming alarmed, she raised his arm, released it, and it fell lifeless by his side. She uttered a shriek of horror and anguish as she fell upon the bed beside the man she loved and believed to be so noble. The cry attracted a servant, who at once brought Mrs Silverton. That lady's dismay did not prevent her from promptly taking the practical measures necessary under the circumstances. She sent for the doctor, and had her insensible daughter removed to another room, where Daisy presently came to assist in waiting upon her.

On the arrival of the doctor, he said he could be of no service to Mr Dacon, who had been dead for two hours at least: the cause of death was prussic acid. So Henry Dacon was con-

sistent to the last, and sought escape from the consequences of his follies at any cost save that of manfully enduring them.

In Dacon's private desk was found a packet addressed to Gilbert Astbury, containing two documents. The first was a plain acknowledgment of his guilt, and a full explanation of how the frauds for which Gilbert had been blamed were perpetrated. As a partner in the firm, Dacon had the right of endorsing bills, and he had forged the names of the correspondents who were supposed to have drawn them. In the ordinary course of business, Gilbert had got the bills discounted and received the money, which he handed to Dacon. Then it stated why Gilbert had agreed to screen him at the sacrifice of his own good name. 'But his sacrifice has been a torture to me,' the confession of the miserable man went on. 'I did hope to retrieve everything by my daring speculations and to restore Astbury to his right position. I failed. Great as was the fortune left to me, I have lost it all.'

The second paper was a letter to Gilbert, in which the writer stated that he had now made the only reparation in his power, and left him free to make any use of it that might best satisfy him. He only expressed the wish of a dying man that some way might be found to keep his wife and child in ignorance of the past.

Gilbert showed the papers to Daisy; and before he told her what he intended to do, she said in her calm, wise way: 'We will put these things out of sight, and say nothing about them, Gilbert. You are safe, and that is enough for me. Hetty is well off, thanks to the marriage settlements, and that should satisfy'—she was going to say 'you,' but arrested herself and said—'us all.—But do you think you can forgive me for being wicked and spiteful about something?'

'I don't know,' he answered, smiling as he looked into those clear blue eyes.—'What are you spiteful about?'

'I cannot help wishing Hetty to know that all the time whilst she was abusing you for blaming Dacon, you were tearing up and burning the proofs of his guilt and your innocence.'

'Yes, Daisy, that was a hard time for me. But whilst doing it and suffering her scorn, I was preparing the way for winning you—my own better self.'

There could not have been a more satisfactory answer than that. They were not, however, compelled to return to Rio—although they did so for a time—or to retain the pseudonym of Harrison. Dacon's attempt at reparation had been as complete as could be; and the information he had given to Mr Ardwick enabled that gentleman in the course of the winding up of Ellicott & Co.'s affairs to satisfy every one that Astbury had not perpetrated the frauds which had been placed to his account. Mrs Dacon and her child still remain in the blissful faith that Henry Dacon was a paragon of manhood; and Hetty is sure that Gilbert is innocent because 'Henry had always said so.' Mrs Silvertown carefully concealed the indignation she felt in regard to her deceased son-in-law for so recklessly squander-

ing her daughter's great fortune, as she considered it. She always took a lenient view of the sins of the rich; and success so completely restored Gilbert to her good graces, that even without the public announcement of his innocence, she would have been pleased to distinguish him as 'her dear friend and relative.'

#### A FEW WORDS REGARDING SOMNAMBULISM.

THE variety of states into which the human mind can throw itself, or can be thrown, is truly wonderful. In memory, imagination, and thought, there are conditions and workings which we are unable scientifically to explain. When, therefore, an endeavour is made to reach such a knowledge, facts are all-important, and the conclusions drawn from such facts must be in strict harmony with truth. A science at any time is a very difficult thing to bring to perfection; but, of all the sciences, the one treating of the human mind is the most difficult. In the other sciences, the subjects about which they treat can be seen, felt, and handled; but there is no handling of the fleshy brain, and the convolutions can only be studied when the person is silent in death. Every part of the study, with rare exceptions, has to be carried on in a second-rate way by means of memory and reflection. Strange irony of words; for is it not 'reflection' and 'memory' themselves we seek to know? and yet we can only know them by themselves.

Many things have been written and said regarding the waking operations of man's mind, but the silent workings of the same are and have been very often omitted. The silent workings are such as apply only to the mind when asleep. Thus, dreaming, raving, and the like, come under this class. The phenomenon we shall try to explain and illustrate in this paper is that called somnambulism. What is somnambulism? It really means an acted dream. While the mind is dreaming, the body is in general quiescent. All voluntary action is suspended, except now and then there may be a movement of the head, legs, or arms; but this is all done unconsciously, so that we are almost correct in saying all voluntary action is suspended. But in somnambulism the case is different; there is movement, and often a movement, too, of such a kind that the man if awake would never attempt.

Indeed, the judgment seems to be entirely gone in the case of the somnambulist. Dangers are encountered and feats of strength accomplished that would appear miraculous to the person who did them if awake. Take, for instance, the case of the gentleman and his nightcap. Every morning this gentleman's nightcap went amiss. No clue could be got as to its whereabouts or how it had been disposed of. At length he was suspected of being a somnambulist. He was watched. During the middle of the night he rose from bed, proceeded to the top flat of the house, opened a window in the roof, climbed from there to the rigging of the house, along which he proceeded with the greatest agility, pulled off his nightcap, and carefully placed it in the chimney-pot! This he had been doing for nights in succession, for in the chimney dozens of the caps

were found. Yet, when that man thought of his perilous walk, he shuddered at the very idea of walking along such a narrow foothold.

Cases, also, are on record in which the mind while in a state of somnambulism has shown itself more acute and active than when awake. The Edinburgh lawyer's case may be cited. This lawyer had for days tried to find out a method he could adopt for clearing a client's reputation. The case presented peculiar difficulties, which, indeed, were so difficult that the night preceding the trial found the lawyer still fighting for a solution to the problem. At length he gave up in despair, and went to bed. During the night, his wife saw him rise from bed and proceed to the table. He searched for pen, ink, and paper, and when he found these, he sat down and wrote hurriedly. At length he stopped writing, placed the paper carefully away, and returned to bed. Next morning he was up betimes to get 'a solution,' as he told his wife. But she had good news for him. She bade him search his desk. There he found a paper written out evidently a short time ago by his own hand; but when he did it was quite a mystery to him. He read the paper, and found that it gave him the very key he had been trying to get for his case. He expressed astonishment at the affair, and was sitting down to attempt by aid of memory to know what it all meant. His wonder can be better imagined than described when he was informed by his wife that he had written it but a few hours before, while in a state of somnambulism.

In somnambulism it is often asserted that there is an entire cessation of *will*-power. Facts, however, are forthcoming which tend to show that this is not always true. A German writer narrates the following: 'In Halle there lived a postman, whose duty it was to deliver letters at a small village three or four miles from the town of Halle. The road to the village led across a moor. Whenever the carrier had emerged from the town into the country, he fell fast asleep on his feet. While asleep, he continued his walking until he arrived at a small stream which ran close beside the village. Here the man stopped almost involuntarily and awoke. This method of crossing the moor he continued for twelve years; yet there was never an occasion when he in his sleep mistook the road, or even stepped into the water, which he always crossed by means of a small foot-bridge!' There was more than habit needed to keep to the right path and to awake when he arrived at the stream. But the peculiar point is that the man was able to get into the state, while he was quite conscious of what was about to follow.

From so many divergent cases it is very difficult to draw any inference on which we can depend for strict accuracy. But be this as it may, it cannot be doubted at least that the somnambulist can accomplish things he could never do if awake. There is a putting on of a new nature. The timid become fearless; the weak become strong; and the mediocre become ingenious. The only conclusion we can come to is, that the mind works under conditions, and displays phenomena, which as yet science has but imperfectly observed, and still less carefully concluded what their meaning implies. There is in the domain of mental

phenomena a field without boundaries, waiting only for the eye and the understanding keen enough to discover what nature has concealed for so long a time. But the study of the mind has been only reached through a gradual process of evolution. Man in his research began with matter; from that he passed to organism; and from thence to living organism; and now he is standing before the door seeking admittance into the temple where he hopes to find the mysteries surrounding his own mind revealed to him.

All the five senses of the somnambulist are not awake when he is in the state of active dreaming. There may be the activity of the eye along with the torpor of the ear; the activity of the mind along with the sleep of one or more of the senses. But, as a rule, the muscular sense seems always active; and many of the most remarkable performances both of natural and induced somnambulism seem referable to the extraordinary intensity with which impressions on that sense are perceived, in consequence of the exclusive fixation of the attention on its guidance. The dominant idea in the mind generally finds great help from the muscular sensations; the prevailing idea, indeed, is expressed by the various motions of the body. A mathematician will work out a difficult problem; an orator will make a most effective speech; a musician will draw forth most enchanting harmonies from his accustomed instrument; a mimic will keep the spectators in roars of laughter at the drollness of his imitations. These and a thousand other examples can be given of the various phases of somnambulism. It was said that there may be the torpor of one of the senses attended with the activity of the other. The following story illustrates this. Calvin and another friend were once travelling through Germany. One evening they arrived at a country inn tired and jaded. After refreshments, they resolved to employ their time in reading and listening to a book on theology. Calvin's friend was elected to read. This he did for about half an hour. Now then Calvin put in a word of criticism; but he was surprised that his friend made no reply, but always continued reading. At length Calvin came to the conclusion that his friend was asleep and yet reading. The inference was correct, for when Calvin awoke him, the man, although he had been reading aloud most carefully, did not know one single fact the book contained!

The somnambulist's mind in sleep is only open to one prevailing train of thought. Sounds relating to that are noticed, but any other sounds occurring are as if they had not been. Thus, a young lady, when at school, frequently began to talk after having been asleep an hour or two; her ideas almost always running upon the events of the previous day. If encouraged by leading questions being addressed to her, she would give a very distinct and coherent account of them, frequently disclosing her own peccadillos and those of her school-fellows, and expressing great penitence for the former, while she seemed to hesitate about making known the latter. To all ordinary sounds, however, she seemed insensible.

The curious fact regarding somnambulism is, that the person subject to it cannot remember anything he did while in that state. This differentiates it from dreaming. And again, it

often occurs that the mind of the somnambulist can be gradually diverted, by careful scheming, into any channel the experimenter desires. The case of the officer who served in the expedition to Louisburg may be taken as an example of this kind of somnambulism. The narrator of the story says: 'At one time they [his companions] conducted him through the whole progress of a quarrel, which ended in a duel; and when the parties were supposed to be met, a pistol was put in his hand, which he fired, and was awakened by the report. On another occasion they found him asleep on the top of a locker or bunker in the cabin, when they made him believe he had fallen overboard, and exhorted him to save himself by swimming. He immediately imitated all the motions of swimming. They then told him that a shark was pursuing him, and entreated him to dive for his life. He instantly did so with such force as to throw himself entirely from the locker upon the cabin floor, by which he was much bruised, and awakened of course.'

There is also a peculiar case of somnambulism called 'induced somnambulism.' The method was first discovered by Mr Braid. It consists in the maintenance of a fixed gaze, for several minutes consecutively, on a bright object placed somewhat above and in front of the eyes, at so short a distance that the convergence of their axes upon it is accompanied with a sense of effort even amounting to pain. When the state of somnambulism is thus obtained, just as in the *natural*, there is no remembrance of what the mind or body was engaged with. There is, however, less agility shown by the person in this state. In natural somnambulism, every part of the muscular system seems to be active and capable of doing almost miracles; but when in the induced somnambulist state, the person's movements are slow, and the mind's activity is very heavy and difficult to rouse.

### THE MONTH:

#### SCIENCE AND ARTS.

It is proposed to bring under the consideration of parliament a Bill to provide for the erection and maintenance of a Monumental Chapel in connection with Westminster Abbey. There is a natural dislike on the part of most thoughtful persons to interfere in any way with historical monuments except in the way of necessary repair, a dislike which has been bred of the sad destruction and mutilations which have happened in the past to some of our finest buildings. The Abbey at Westminster is unique in representing by its graves and monuments centuries of the history of our country. But the time has at last arrived when no more space is left in this British Valhalla, and the continuous chain of events must be broken unless a remedy be found. That remedy is indicated in the title of the Bill which we have referred to. It is hardly necessary to point out that the particular form which the addition to the old Abbey will take must be the subject of diligent consideration, and that the architects employed must be instructed to make the new work strictly subservient to the old.

It is curious to note how sometimes in this age

of mechanical perfection we hark back to simple methods in use long ago. A case in point is afforded by the resuscitation of the old-fashioned Howitzer or mortar, which most of us regarded as about the most obsolete form of gun to which one could point. But from such guns much is looked for in the matter of coast-defence, for recent experiments have proved its extraordinary value in this service. The path and range of a shell from such a mortar with a given charge of powder have been calculated to such a nicety, that a projectile can be thrown with wonderful accuracy of aim. In some recent experiments the target was a floating platform of the size of the deck of a first-class ship moored three miles out at sea. The howitzer was in a pit on shore, from which the firers could not see the object aimed at; but they were in electrical communication with others at a distance, who by means of range-finders could give them accurate directions as to elevation of the gun. Under these seemingly hopeless conditions, the comparatively small target was struck seven times out of twenty shots, and was barely missed by several others. A shell charged with one of the new explosives, striking the deck of a ship in such a manner, would infallibly sink her, so that in the once despised howitzer we may look for the most efficient means for coast-defence.

Under the name of Gaedicke's Monochromatic Lamp, Messrs Marion of London have introduced an entirely new form of luminant for the use of photographers, which, while affording a light brilliant enough to work by, will not affect the most sensitive chemicals, for it emits no actinic rays. It consists of an ordinary Bunsen burner (or a spirit-lamp if gas be not available), having in its flame a small ring of asbestos, which is previously charged with a salt of sodium. The sodium salt gives the flame a brilliant yellow colour, which is further modified by a tinted glass chimney. We believe that this is the first application of a flame coloured by chemical means to such a useful purpose.

Mr T. Bonner of the Free Public Library, Ealing, has forwarded us an interesting description of the method which he has invented for the easy distribution and record of books borrowed from the collection under his care, which seems calculated not only to save much time to all concerned, but to dispense with a large amount of clerical work. The system cannot be fully described here; but it will be sufficient to indicate that each book in the library is represented by a small pentagonal block of wood, each side of which bears the number and title of the work in white letters upon a differently coloured ground. These blocks are kept in suitable spaces on shelves, and the particular side exposed to public view will show not only whether it is out, but whether the borrower has held it for one, two, or more weeks. Accompanying the block is a ticket giving the name of the holder of the book. These blocks, therefore, not only afford the information detailed, but also in a measure constitute a library catalogue. Free libraries are now, happily, on the increase, and any systematic method which reduces friction in their machinery is a matter of public importance.

Twenty million artificial teeth were made in America last year by three of the largest firms engaged in that business, a number which is said



to be about half that of the production of this country. It is a peculiar feature of this curious industry that teeth have to be tinted according to the country for which they are intended. In North America and Canada, white teeth are considered—as in this country—to be the beautiful. But in South America, such molars would not be purchased at any price, for there yellow teeth are considered beautiful. At the same time, the yellow man, in China, with whom a large trade is done in teeth, must have them black as ebony.

Mr W. Linton-Wilson has recently published a method of effectually dealing with seed which is infected with the larvæ of the bean-beetle, a plan which could no doubt be successfully employed in the treatment with seeds of other kinds which may need similar purification. He soaks the seed so contaminated for an hour in a ten per cent. solution of paraffin and water, or, to be more correct, in a mixture of one part of paraffin to ten of water. He says that after this treatment he could not find one larva alive. The method has the merits of cheapness and simplicity, and farmers would do well to make a note of it and give it a trial.

Patent horseshoes have been invented time after time, which their inventors fondly hoped would supersede the old method of shoeing; but still the blacksmith exists. By the last method brought forward, the forge is altogether dispensed with, and what is called 'cold'-shoeing takes its place. In this system, which has been introduced by the Nailless Horseshoe Company, the shoe is attached by a single steel band which embraces the hoof, and is kept in position by a steel pillar in front which connects the band with the toe of the shoe. Three small studs, which to a certain extent indent the hoof, help to prevent the shoe from shifting its position. The advantages claimed for the system are many, the chief being the time saved in the operation of shoeing. Instead of the fifteen minutes at present necessary for the work, under the new method a shoe can be fixed in three minutes; a hammer, or even a stone, being the only tool required. The new shoe is durable, not heavier than an ordinary shoe, and is withal a cheaper article. It is believed that this method of shoeing horses will be found of great service in the army, where the accidental casting of a shoe might often lead to serious delay.

Our contemporary *Iron* points out that it is a common error that pianos should be kept very dry, and explains why such extreme care to avoid damp is really most harmful to the instrument. The wood of a piano, however well seasoned, must contain, like all other absorbent bodies exposed to the action of a moisture-laden atmosphere, a certain amount of residual dampness. When, therefore, the piano is continually subjected to very dry and heated air, it parts with this moisture, and its woodwork is apt to shrink and crack. The leather and cloth used in the action of the instrument also shrivel up under such treatment, and the tone of the piano suffers in consequence. The remedy advocated is to keep a growing plant, well watered, in the same room with the piano. In America, where closed stoves cause rooms to be far drier than they are on this side of the Atlantic, it is cus-

tomary to keep a vase containing a well-soaked sponge under the household musical instrument.

The Sanitary Condition of London formed the subject recently of an interesting address at the Parkes Museum, by Dr G. F. Poore, who pointed out that the mere age of a large city tended to make it unwholesome. In its ancient days, London was well supplied with water, for, in addition to the Thames, there were many tributary streams, such as, for instance, the Fleet, Westbourne, Tybourne, Walbrook, &c., which names are still preserved in other ways, while the rivers themselves are represented by underground sewers. The presence of marshy land on nearly every side, which became foul with every description of refuse, made medieval London a perfect fever-den, a condition of things to which unpaved streets and insanitary houses greatly contributed. Modern London, with its low death-rate, contrasts very favourably with the ancient city, particularly when we remember its vast increase in size. But the lecturer argued that this death-rate must not, in fairness, be compared with that of a city packed with operatives, and where few wealthy persons can be found, for the presence of the well-to-do must have the effect of lowering the death-rate. The plan of treatment of sewage by precipitation was referred to as not tending to a wholesome result, and the pouring of one hundred and fifty million gallons of sewage daily into the river was described as a gigantic blunder.

Now that the attention of Government is seriously directed to the condition of the navy and to the necessity of building new ships, it is to be hoped that some means will be found of preserving in a state of efficiency those which we already possess. A rather startling report as to the corrosion of steel ships has lately been published as emanating from Portsmouth. It seems that H.M.S. *Nile*, which was launched exactly one year ago, has recently been placed in dock. Upon examination of her hull, it was found that the protective coating of red-lead had peeled off, and that the metal beneath showed serious corrosion all along the water-line. In some cases, it is stated that the rivets which hold the plates together are completely eaten away.

The coaling of our ships is another question to which experts will have to direct their earnest attention; indeed, this subject was recently stated to be 'the most important factor in the whole science of naval warfare.' This is at least the opinion of Lieutenant Greet, whose paper dealing with the subject recently was read at the Royal United Service Institution. It would seem from this exhaustive paper that our method of coaling is much the same as it was when steam was first introduced into the navy, and that some of our larger ships cannot receive their complement of coal without remaining idle for nearly twenty-four hours. Surely, a mere mechanical question as this is can be solved if competent engineers turn their attention to it. Possibly, however, the time is not far distant when coal will be superseded by liquid fuel.

A new machine for sweeping and cleansing the streets has been tried with some success in the metropolitan thoroughfares by permission of the Commissioners of Sewers, who provided men, horses, and carts for the experiment. The appa-

ratus employed can be fixed to an ordinary mud-cart, and consists of a series of brushes on spindles working by means of an endless chain. These brushes sweep the liquid mud up a short incline towards a receiver, into which dip buckets, after the manner of a dredging-machine, to raise the refuse into the cart proper. Motion is conveyed to the apparatus by travelling wheels, and all is self-contained. In connection with this matter of street-cleansing it may be mentioned that a proposal has lately been made to adapt Mr Strawson's Agricultural Machine for distributing Powdered Granular or Liquid Matter over Land to street use, one suggested employment for it being the scattering of salt over snow-covered roads. This would certainly be effectual so far as melting the snow is concerned; but the fact that by such means a terribly low temperature would be created under foot, which would lead to inconvenience and danger to health seems to have been strangely overlooked.

A new industry is foreshadowed in a paper recently read before the French Agricultural Society by M. Guerin. This gentleman has been carrying out a number of experiments, the results from which tend to show that milk in a frozen state will preserve all its characteristics, and will be in every way as good as fresh milk when, after some days, or even weeks, it is thawed for use. In the frozen state it can, moreover, be transported from place to place with the greatest ease. The freezing process can be accomplished with ordinary ice-machines, and those having access to such appliances will be interested in repeating M. Guerin's experiments. Both cheese and butter made from frozen cream are said in no way to differ from that made in the usual manner.

So many reports for and against M. Pasteur's treatment for hydrophobia or rabies have of late years appeared, that we are glad to have at last an authoritative statement as to the number of British subjects who have availed themselves of the treatment to be obtained at the Pasteur Institute. This statement is in the form of a recently published parliamentary paper, and refers to the two past years. It tells us that, in 1887, sixty-four British subjects were under treatment at the hospital, of whom five died. Among these unfortunate sufferers three were not cauterised, one of them being Lord Doneraile, who was sixty-seven years of age and was bitten in ten places. It is worthy of note that in all these five cases the bites were given by dogs recognised to be rabid by veterinary surgeons. In the following year, M. Pasteur treated twenty-one of our fellow-countrymen without any death record; but it is right to add that one woman, bitten last December by a dog recognised as rabid, was still under treatment when this return was published.

A paper was read some short time since before the Medical Society of Virginia by Dr C. E. Busey, from which parents and teachers might take a valuable hint. The lecturer urged on his hearers the importance of including vocal music in the studies of children as a matter affecting their physical well-being; and he asserted that if an hour daily were given to this pleasant and healthy exercise of the lungs, we should not see so many drooping, withered, hollow-chested, round-shouldered children, and that vocal music is a distinct preventive of phthisis. In singing,

the lungs have to be filled at every breath to almost their utmost capacity, and are thus subjected to energetic gymnastic exercise. The doctor further urged upon his hearers that the musical instructor should possess himself of a knowledge of the anatomy and physiology of the respiratory organs. These sensible remarks are of great value in the present day, when there is an unfortunate tendency to cram the minds of children, with little thought of their physical requirements.

A French scientific journal urges the desirability of sugar-manufacturers, who are mostly complaining of hard times owing to over-production, increasing their incomes by making paper from the cane as a supplementary industry. It is asserted that the fibres of the sugar-cane make an excellent paper, and that the mechanical and chemical treatment necessary in the work present no unusual difficulties. One gentleman at New Orleans has lately exhibited there a number of samples of white paper so made, which were of very fine quality. Whether it is practicable thus to combine two industries which seem at first sight to be so very different from one another, and which both require such large plant, remains to be decided by experience.

From experiments recently carried out at Chadwell Heath, Essex, it would seem that we have at last in the substance called Bellite an explosive which, while being actually more destructive in its effects than dynamite, is singularly safe to handle. A cartridge of bellite placed on a coal-fire was simply roasted away without exploding. A mass of iron weighing more than one hundred-weight dropped from a height of eighteen feet upon some naked cartridges merely flattened them; and the same cartridges were presently used for cutting a piece out of an iron rail, when they were exploded with a percussion fuse. In a hole in the earth a number of bellite cartridges were mixed with blasting-gunpowder, and when the latter was fired, the said cartridges were scattered in every direction, but not exploded. Other experiments of a like surprising nature were successfully carried out. Their importance can be gauged when we remember that many tons of explosives are annually used in this country alone in industrial operations, and that it is highly necessary that they should be of such a nature that they can be employed with a minimum of danger by those who are too often ignorant and careless.

Londoners have lately been startled at the sight of a vehicle without horses or other visible motive-power which has been seen threading its way through the crowded traffic of the City streets. This vehicle, which has the appearance of a commodious omnibus, with seats for twelve passengers, is driven by electricity, and its coachman controls its movements from a platform in front. The inventor of this Electric Omnibus, which may possibly be the pioneer of a new system of street-traction, is Mr Radcliffe Ward, and he has constructed this experimental vehicle in order to prove that its movements can be well controlled in the most crowded thoroughfares. Horses show no fright at its appearance, and behave as if they recognised in it a deliverer from their hard lives. Mr Ward calculates that the substitution of his system by an Omnibus Company for horse-

haulage would mean a saving of from thirty to fifty per cent. There is little doubt, too, that the general adoption of vehicles propelled by electricity would lead to a great saving in road-repair, for it is well known that the horses' hoofs damage the roads far more than do the wheels of the various vehicles which traverse them.

About twenty years ago, one of the spandrels beneath the great dome of St Paul's was decorated with a mosaic picture, this beautiful style of decoration having at that time been revived in this country by Dr Salviati. A second spandrel is now to be filled in in the same manner, the design being from the poetical pencil of Mr Watts, R.A., Dr Salviati being again entrusted with the work. This profuse decoration of the interior of our metropolitan cathedral was the cherished idea of its great architect. He was not allowed to have his own way with regard to many points during the construction of this noble edifice, but his descendants are now ready enough to redeem the past.

The various uses, scientific and otherwise, to which the magic lantern is now put, both in the halls of learning and in more popular gatherings, render that instrument a very valuable adjunct to our educational agencies. The improved systems of lighting the lanterns, which the science of the last twenty years has developed, have also added greatly to their utility. For those who would wish to have an accurate knowledge of the powers and possibilities of these lanterns—now no longer regarded as toys—a book recently published will be found most helpful. It is entitled *The Book of the Lantern*, by Mr T. C. Hepworth (London: Wyman and Sons). The book is really what it professes to be—a practical guide to the working of the optical (or magic) lantern, with full and precise directions for making and colouring lantern pictures.

#### 'STREET-SELLERS.'

In these days, when want of employment is with many a chronic disease, it is interesting to observe the manifold ways and means adopted by a certain class of men to enable them to earn a more or less honest living. While one man sits and wails because he has not sufficient money to provide himself with the good things, or even the necessities of life, another, possessed of the true trading instinct, together with a profound knowledge of that pleasing feature of an Englishman's character termed 'gullibility,' sinks his whole capital, amounting perhaps to upwards of a shilling, in obtaining a stock-in-trade, and hies him, after the shades of evening fall, to the corner of a street in the City, or to the marketplace of a country-town, plants his establishment firmly on its support of three sticks, and proceeds, first, to attract a crowd, and then to attract into his own pockets some of the superfluous metal which reposes in those of his hearers. If my reader will accompany me in spirit to one of these market squares, we will observe some of these street-sellers at work, and see how easily some

men, with no other qualification than the possession of a large amount of assurance, can dispose of worthless goods, and in a few hours provide themselves with sufficient money to pay their tavern score, which constitutes the heaviest item of the day's expenditure.

Observe, first, this loquacious individual, respectably attired, and wearing a confidence-inspiring and glossy tall hat. For the last twenty years he has been doctoring the British public with 'flagroot'—that is, the root of the iris. He stains the root to a brownish tint, gives it a delicate perfume by means of a few drops of bergamot, and offers it to the public as an Indian herb, with a name that takes away the breath of his audience, and which only long practice enables him to pronounce. Grated and taken as snuff, it relieves headache; rubbed on the gums, toothache becomes a thing of the past; used internally, dyspepsia takes wings, and the patient's landlady gives him notice to quit after one week's experience of his renewed appetite. The vendor of this root assumes the air of a philanthropist and public benefactor, and does a flourishing business.

Farther on, we come across a more pretentious aspirant to relieve suffering mortals of their ills and superfluous cash. He addresses the crowd from an elevated position on a richly gilded and decorated open carriage. On the seats on each side of him are piled bottles of pink-coloured fluid, and he holds one of them in his hand as he eloquently discourses on its nature and properties. He commands the services of a seedy-looking assistant; but the doctor himself is resplendent with jewelry, and looks like some foreign nobleman in his fur-tipped overcoat. Certain little peculiarities in his speech, however, proclaim him to be a countryman of our own who has graduated in the neighbourhood of Whitechapel.

There is one feature in this great man's mode of doing business calculated to inspire confidence: he freely offers to allow the remedy, which he calls 'Pain-killer,' to be tried 'free, gratis, for nothink,' before purchasing. At the top of his voice he calls on any one suffering from a pain of any description to approach the carriage and be operated upon in full sight of the audience. Many accept the invitation; and people with headaches, faceaches, pains in the chest and other parts of their anatomy, mount the carriage, are dosed or rubbed, and declare themselves highly gratified. Half a bottle is expended on the limbs of an old man suffering from rheumatism, and he expresses himself in glowing terms of the relief afforded him by the application. The assistant's energies are wholly absorbed in handing out the bottles at sixpence apiece; and the result of the doctor's efforts must afford that high-minded philanthropist intense satisfaction when in the privacy of his chamber he casts up his accounts.

Whether the effect produced upon the patients by the application of the 'Pain-killer' is the result of faith or some real virtue in the remedy, I cannot say; but any one may test its efficacy for himself. It consists of rum and water mixed with cayenne pepper. If applied outwardly, the hand should be passed over the skin in one direction only, as if rubbed up and down, the result will surprise but not gratify.

There is a man hacking and chopping a small log of wood with a razor, and appealing to his

audience to observe that there is no deception. Then rubbing a small quantity of his incomparable paste upon a piece of leather, he straps the razor thereon, and to prove its efficacy in restoring the edge, severs with the blade hairs pulled from some boy's head for this purpose, or shaves the back of a man's hand. He repeats the operation of spoiling the razor's edge and restoring it by a few passes over the strop as often as necessary, or borrows knives from persons in the audience and sharpens them in the same manner. This paste he sells in cakes, and it is composed of hog's-lard and fuller's-earth.

Articles of this class never vary in the materials from which they are made, no matter in what part of the country we find them offered for sale. Here is the vendor of 'grease and stain remover.' He has captured a very small boy, whom he holds fast with one hand, while he operates upon his coat collar with the other, discoursing meanwhile upon the utility of the compound. It is exactly the same preparation as that with which the hawker offered to remove the stains from the garments of Bill Sikes, and consists of pipeclay worked together with red-lead and blue-stone, to give it a streaky appearance.

And the silver-plating man must not be passed unnoticed. He is busily engaged before a small knot of onlookers in silver-plating a brass door-knob by means of a pink-coloured powder. He explains the process, which is very simple, it being only necessary to rub the powder over the surface of the article which it is desired to plate. Articles of cheap jewelry borrowed from the audience are plated free of charge, and the powder itself is sold in penny packets, though even at this low rate the vendor makes a large profit, sixpennyworth of mercury mixed with a pound of whiting and red ochre being sufficient to make into thirty or forty packets.

This class of sellers may be said to give some return for your money. But there is another class to whom the term 'sellers' applies in more senses than one. Here is a seedy individual offering wedding rings at a penny each to the eager circle which surrounds him. The rings are of the brassiest description, and so is the vendor. He commences operations by relating the story of Captain Barclay who once made a wager that a man standing on London Bridge could not sell a number of good sovereigns at a penny each in a specified time. The agent appointed to offer the coins disposed of only one. He then goes on to say that a similar wager has just been made by two local celebrities, and that a large sum of money depends on whether within a limited period he can dispose of the fifty solid gold rings which he holds in his hand. With solemn aspect he assures his hearers that the rings are genuine gold, and professes the utmost indifference as to whether he sells any or not. He speedily disposes of the precious articles among the younger members of the crowd; and by the time the purchasers have discovered their folly, he is far away, repeating the old story to a new audience.

The sporting prophet, who disposes of his scraps of paper which he calls 'tips;' the vendor of cement, who mends pieces of crockery-ware with his composition of shellac and resin, and then makes frantic efforts to break them again without success; the 'corn-curing hero,' with his salve of

fused tallow and resin, and his bottle containing small pieces of turnip carefully cut and trimmed to present the appearance of extracted corns, supposed to have been preserved by those who have used the remedy, and presented to him as a slight testimonial and mark of gratitude—these and others dot the market-place and adjoining streets, pursuing their calling with commendable energy, and a sublime faith in the public, born of experience, and affording to the philosopher who gives to both vendor and his customers a more than passing thought, much food for reflection.

#### BEYOND WORDS.

LITTLE maid in homespun gown,  
Simple as the daisies,  
Loving lips and eyes of brown—  
Let me sing your praises.

Shall I call my love a flower  
Gathered to my bosom?  
No; they fade from hour to hour,  
And I want my blossom.

Shall I call her precious pearl?  
Set not jewels nigh her!  
Only just a country girl,  
Yet not a king could buy her.

Shall I call her angel blest,  
Whitest soul of woman?  
Stay!—I think I like her best  
Laughing, weeping, human.

Is she, then, a sparkling star  
Sent to guide and cheer me?  
Ah! the skies are cold and far,  
And I like her near me.

Not a name is there on earth  
Of a poet's giving,  
Fit to tell one half her worth,  
Real, true, and living.

Rhymes and words of mystery  
Only would amaze her;  
For her own sweet self is she,  
And all my deeds shall praise her.

H. A.

#### \* \* TO CONTRIBUTORS.

- 1st. All communications should be addressed to the 'Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'
  - 2d. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.
  - 3d. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, should have the *writer's Name and Address written upon them in FULL.*
  - 4th. Offerings of Verse should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.
- If the above rules are complied with, the Editor will do his best to ensure the safe return of ineligible papers.*

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH.